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WAKING HIM UP.

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WAKING HIM UP,

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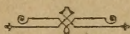
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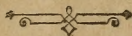
MRS. H. M. TOLER,

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1885

WAKING HIM UP.



—CHARACTERS.—

DR. McDONALD.....an old Bachelor
MISS WHITSETT.....an old Maid
SUSAN.....a pretty Waiting Maid



SCENE.—INTERIOR OF LIBRARY OR SITTING ROOM.



PROPERTIES.—Tables, chairs, sofa, books, etc.—a room nicely furnished.



COSTUMES.

Dr. McDonald.—Grey hair, old-fashioned coat, cravat, black pantalons, white vest.

Whitsett.—Dark prim-looking dress, corkscrew curls, hair worn old fashioned way.

Susan.—Short dress, red stockings, apron with pockets—jaunty cap.



TIME OF PERFORMANCE—TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.

WAKING HIM UP.

SCENE FIRST.—Interior of library or sitting room neatly furnished. Susan lounging across table at c. with dusting brush under her arm.

Enter Whitsett, at c. door.

Whit. Susan! (*Susan jumps violently, dropping duster, and snatching it up again—beginning to dust industriously*) When you are through your study of botany, if you have time, I would like the pleasure of your company in the dining room. (*sarcastically*) Of course you have finished here.

Susan. Oh,—yes'm—I, that is—I am very nearly through.

Whit. Very nearly! I should hope so; pray how long does it usually take you to sweep, and dust a room?

Susan. I don't— (*sobs*)

Whit. That depends, I suppose on the time you devote to the study of your master's books; what have you to do with books? I dare say you cannot even read.

Susan. Indeed madam, you are very much mistaken—

Whit. There, never mind, I don't wish to hear any of your impertinent replies. It will be well, if you wish to keep your place, to remember your place, as you are aware, I am a relative of Dr. McDonald's, and if I should complain, you understand. Come into the dining room, when you hear the bell ring. (*exit c.*)

Susan. (*indignantly*) I won't bear it; it is not in human nature to endure her domineering rule. The old goose! She can't abide me, (*laughs*) no more can I her for that matter, but I know why she hates me; she is trying to entrap my master into marrying her, and she knows I suspect it; as if poor dear master'd look at the likes of her. But then widows, there is no telling, they are so knowing, they know ways that are dead secrets to us. Oh,—oh, she hated me bad enough before this last, I'll tell you. I knocked on her door this morning to ask about the curtain for the hall chamber, nobody answered, so I just pushed open the door, and went in; no one was in the room, but there were the old lady's teeth on the dressing table, (*laugh*) and her back hair hanging on a chair, and I looked at those teeth, (*laughs*) there they lay a grinning at me, so I just picked 'em up, and was looking at 'em, when in she steps from the next room, and gave me such a start, that I was near letting them fall. Gracious! How she did look, her hair all skewed up in a little knob behind, her nose came down, and her chin come up, and she says

WAKING HIM UP.

"Susan, what do you mean by this impertinence." (*imitate some one with teeth out*) I wish I could think of some way to put master on his guard. La, bless you, he's that buried in his books that nothing short of a cannon fired off under his nose, would waken him; he don't even look at me. But then, all the more danger for him, if he was to look at her, she wouldn't stand the least chance, she is that homely! To think master should live a bachelor all these years! I only wonder some better looking widow than Whitsett hain't caught him before now. (*dusting and arranging*) Now I wonder—wouldn't it be splendid—why not after all—I'm not so bad looking, and I've often heard of gentlemen marrying beneath them, yes, I've even heard of a king who married a beggar girl. Whitsett is only his house keeper, if she is a distant relative by marriage, and she'll have him, if something isn't done. Oh, if something would only happen, just as it always does in a novel! If he should fall sick, and I could nurse him! But then, Whitsett wouldn't let me go near him. What can I do, only to rouse him out of his books long enough to learn that there are pretty girls, as well as curious plants? I have an idea! I'll try it, after all I can but fail, but I'll not fail. A woman can do any thing she tries. (*exit C.*)

Enter Dr. McDonald R., takes off long linen duster, and puts on dressing gown, seats himself at table C. places plants, etc. about.

Doctor. Ah, these long walks over the fields are getting too much for me. (*looks over books*) Let me see, where was I?

Enter Susan, C.

Susan. (*aside*) There he is again, poring over those horrid Botany books, calling of simple things, which there real name is spelt with three or four letters, by some outlandish jargon that sounds Hottentottish; what's the good of it, I say?

Doctor. (*reading*) The Humulous lupalis, or common hop, has this peculiarity—

Susan. Listen at that! So humulous lupalis, is the Hottentot for hop! Fancy a hop grower sending his men to work in the humulous lupulis fields, to gather the humulous lupulises. But now for it; I see he won't see me unless I speak. Ahem! If you please master?

Doctor. Hammamelis Virginiana, Salix Latifolia—

Susan. Hannah, Amelias, Sally's got her full of you! Why, I didn't know he knew any girls! If you please sir, Dr. McDonald!

Doctor. Eh? Susan, my girl, did you wish to speak with me?

Susan. Yes sir, if you please sir, I should like to give a month's warning.

Doctor. Ah! Are you dissatisfied with your place?

Susan. No sir, but I want to go on the stage.

Doctor. On the stage!

Susan. Yes, sir.

Doctor. Why my child, you are not in earnest?

Susan. Oh, yes sir, I've quite made up my mind.

Doctor. (*aside*) Why, this foolish girl has been dazzled with the scenery, dress and glamor. Susan, my poor girl, you don't know what you are talking about; your fancy has been taken no doubt by the seeming splendor of the stage. Ah, my child, you have never been behind the scenes, you little know the miserable lives actors live, it would take me a long time to tell you of the many wretched

ways which are theirs; let me beg of you, put such foolish sinful thoughts out of your mind; come, you are a quiet tidy girl, be content as you are; I will give Whitsett orders, to raise your wages.

(resumes his reading.)

Susan. (aside) Oh, good gracious! *(aloud)* But sir, it isn't so much the wages, but oh, the jewels, and silks, and laces, that an actress wears!

Doctor. Why child, do you know that it often requires years of hard study, to fit one for an actress? *(aside)* Really, this is quite a nice looking girl, I wonder I never noticed her before; it would be a pity to let the poor child be led away by a silly fancy; I must show her the folly of this. *(aloud)* What has made you think you could act, and to what particular branch of histrionic art do you aspire? Have you any voice!

Susan. (aside) Now that's what I call a foolish question, for a smart man like master. *(aloud)* Any voice, did you say sir?

Doctor. Yes.

Susan. Why of course I have.

Doctor. Let's hear it.

Susan. The very best I can do sir?

Doctor. Certainly, I don't want to hear the worst, if I am to pass my judgment.

Susan. (aside) Well if I must, but I'm sure I don't see what that's got to do with it. *(swings her arms above her head, and gives a terrific yell.)*

Doctor. Good gracious alive! Girl, are you mad? Ah, I'm afraid there's a spice of mischief in you, but you should remember old men—ahem! elderly men, are apt to have nerves, I meant had you any voice to sing. Can you sing?

Susan. Oh, sing, why didn't you say so, to be sure I can, and whistle too. *(puts her hands in her pockets, makes a few waltz steps, whistles a bar or two of waltz.)*

Doctor. Ha, ha! Is whistling an accomplishment for the stage? Let me hear you sing.

Susan. (sings,—That Little Black Mustache.)

SONG.—THAT LITTLE BLACK MUSTACHE.

*Oh! once I had a charming beau,
I loved him dear as life,
I surely thought the time would come,
When I would be his wife,
His pockets they were filled with gold,
And oh! he cut a dash,
With diamond ring, a watch and chain,
And a darling black mustache.

CHORUS.

Oh! that little black mustache.
That little black mustache,
Every time I think of it,
My heart beats quick as flash.
That little black mustache,
That little black mustache,
But you must know, I've lost my beau,
With the little black mustache.

*For balance of words and sheet music of this song, send to the publisher of this book.
Price 30 cents.

WAKING HIM UP.

Doctor. Ah, very fine, very fine. But don't you know something sentimental?

Susan. Yes sir. Oh! Yes sir. (*sings one stanza of "Annie Laurie," in exaggerated operatic style.*)

Doctor. Ha, ha! Very good, but rather unintelligible. By the way it seems to have something of a familiar ring about it.

Susan. That was "Annie Laurie" sir.

Doctor. Good gracious, you don't say so! Well, it had as well been Greek, for all I could understand of it.

Susan. Oh, nobody expects to understand the words sir!

Doctor. No? Well, I don't know much of modern singing; well then, what do you know of elocution, let me hear your voice in reading and declamation, if I am convinced that I am hiding a genius, as a house maid, I will gladly assist instead of hindering you; here is—
(*takes a book from the table.*)

Susan. (*in a tragic manner, from King John*) "Thou art perjured too! What a fool art thou! Thou cold beloved slave! Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side? Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength? And dost thou now fall over to my foes? Thou, wearest a lion's hide! Doff it, for shame! And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs!"

Doctor. (*backing and frightened*) Really! You should confine your remarks to—I mean—(*aside*) Bless my soul; I'm afraid she has already lost her wits. (*aloud*) My good girl, you shouldn't startle one so, you shouldn't indeed, confound it! I don't know when I was so shaken up!

Susan. I was acting for you sir.

Doctor. Oh, yes, I know, but you see however, that was very well done. (*aside*) Imitation is not acting though!

Susan. (*suddenly*) "Oh, love, remain, it is not yet near day; it was the nightingale and not the lark, that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear—believe me love, it was the nightingale." (*during Susan's speech, the Doctor must follow her movements and smile in a silly way, as she beseeches.*)

Doctor. Well, I must say—

Susan. "It is! Begone away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune, straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."

Doctor. (*gazing at her through his glasses*) Upon my word this is a charming little thing. I think—

Susan. "But who is Margaret Woffington! That she should aspire to an honest love! What have we to do with hearts, or homes, or firesides? Have we not the stage, it's paste diamonds, it's paste feelings, and the applause of fops and sots?—hearts,—beneath loads of tinsel and paint? Nonsense! The love that can follow souls to heaven—such love for us? Nonsense!"

Doctor. My dear—

Susan. "His wife? Are wives' hearts the only hearts that throb, and burn, and break? I hate her, and him—and all the world!"

Doctor. (*aside*) Bless my soul! This is an extraordinary affair; I must persuade her out of this, she must not be encouraged; she is a sparkling little thing, but—

Susan. "True, true as my love! He has spoken the truth, and I shall imitate him, for what can any other man be to me, or woman to you? When I am told to your face that you are a felon, then to

your face, I say you are my idol, my hero, and my martyr! Love? The word is too common, too tame! I worship you! I adore you! Ah, how beautiful you are, when you are angry; how noble you are, when you forgive; for you do, you must forgive."

Doctor. (excited and perspiring, after backing about the stage, followed up by Susan—aside) Upon my word; I'm not used to this sort of thing, this takes away my breath; suppose Whitsett should come in.

Susan. "Not another word, or I shall forget I am your daughter; kill me if you like, insult me if you will, but not a word against him I love, or I give him my hand, and we live and die on this island! Oh, father, he has so often saved the life you value, and I have saved his; have pity on your child! Have pity on him who carries my heart in his bosom."

Doctor. (aside) She must not be encouraged. *(strides up and down the stage)* They say, there is no fool like an old fool; but I'm only fifty, perhaps she has a lover. Zounds, what can I be thinking of—I wonder—*(aloud)* Susan?

Susan. (making a stagey motion toward him) Yes, sir!

Doctor. Now—now, don't come at me again like that. I'm perfectly satisfied, perfectly satisfied of your ability—but—I suppose now, well, it is only reasonable to suppose, that a good looking girl like you should have a sweetheart, eh?

Susan. (aside) La, now do you suppose he really is going to—?
(aloud) No, sir, I have no sweetheart.

Doctor. No? That's remarkable, ahem! But you have had I suppose.

Susan. Oh, yes sir, there have been plenty of young fellows, who would like to keep company with me, but I was never easy to please sir. *(laughs)* Then there was one young man sir, Joe Wylie, by name—a sailor, and you know a sailor is a ne'er-do-well; well sir, Joe was no exception to the rule, he could never show a penny twenty-four hours after he'd get his wages.

Doctor. Umph—yes—and this sailor, did he come courting?

Susan. Oh, yes, and if—but then, I was not to be fooled by soft words only, so I says to him, Joe Wylie, before you think of taking a wife, you had best mend those spendthrift ways of yours; how do you propose to take care of a wife, or maybe you think I might take in washing, and support you.

Doctor. Ha, ha! How did he take that?

Susan. Oh, he was angry you may be sure, and muttered something about my "might having to do worse." "Perhaps I may" said I, "but I shall be alone, the wash-tub may be a good saddle, but it won't carry double." I've seen too much poverty in my mother's house, it shan't come in my door, to drive love out at the window.

Doctor. That was right my dear, eminently proper, and—ahem, ah—where is this sailor now?

Susan. Married long since, that was five years ago.

Doctor. Ah! And how old are you now?

Susan. Nearly twenty-two, sir.

Doctor. Yes. Umph, umph! *(aside)* Twenty-two, and fifty. I wonder what people would say? But why should I care what people say; I hope I'm old enough—that is to say—I'm not in my dotage yet. *(aloud)* Susan, what should you think of an old man

like myself, if he should ask a young girl, say like yourself, to be his wife?

Susan. I should think she was a very happy girl, sir.

Doctor. But suppose that old man is me, and the young girl is yourself?

Susan. But it can't be me.

Doctor. But it is then; come, I offer you a true love, I'm not so young as I once was, but we must all grow old. Be my wife, give up this idea of the stage—and—

Susan. (weeping) Oh, master, Dr. McDonald, forgive me! I am a wicked girl; you would never speak so kindly to me if you knew—

Doctor. Why, what is this? Knew what? There don't cry so, tell me the trouble.

Susan. (still crying) Oh, sir, I am a wicked, wicked girl!

Doctor. Oh, no; I can't believe that of you, there, there now, tell me all about it.

Susan. I don't want to go on the stage!

Doctor. And I don't want you to, and if you become my wife there is no necessity of your going on the stage.

Susan. But it was all false sir, I never did want to go on the stage.

Doctor. Eh, what! Then why in the name of mercy did you tell me so? I see, I've been made a fool of.

Susan. No, no, master, believe me, I—oh, forgive me, and I'll tell you all.

Doctor. My dear child, I certainly bear you no ill will, I am only too blame for making a fool of myself.

Susan. Oh, don't say that, you could never do that; believe me my dear master when I say I love, and reverence you, above any man I ever saw.

Doctor. Is this "acting" too?

Susan. I saw that your housekeeper was trying every way in her power to entrap you into marriage. Ah, you needn't look so incredulous, I know it! And if you were not the best, noblest and most unsuspecting of men, you would have seen it too; we women understand one another's ways better than you do sir, and I tell you if you don't make a firm stand, Whitsett will marry you, whether you will or not.

Doctor. This is nonsense, and has nothing to do with this deception of which you have been guilty.

Susan. Oh, yes it has; for I saw what she was up to, and I saw you so unsuspecting, so immersed in your studies, so good, and kind, and I thought—I thought—well I thought I'd see if it was possible to open your eyes to the fact, that there are women in the world, passable looking ones, as well as those of the Whitsett type, and if I had thought seriously, I should have never—oh, master forgive me!

Doctor. On condition.

Susan. What is it?

Doctor. That you accept the consequences of your plan, for "waking me up"—be my wife.

Susan. I am not worthy but I will try to be what your wife should be.

Doctor. I have no fears on that score, you are a generous, impulsive loving woman, there is more danger of your repenting your

choice of an old man. (*Susan puts her hands over his lips, he kisses her fingers*)

Susan. (*aside*) I'll send Whitsett marching to morrow!

Enter Whitsett, at L.

Whit. Ah,—gracious heaven! I must be dreaming! Dr. McDonald, Susan you artful hussy—

Doctor. My good Whitsett, can't you see that you are entirely *de trop* here. No, you are not dreaming, you are just "waking up," so am I. Let me present to you the future mistress of my house and—heart.

Susan gives her hand to Dr. McDonald, who is standing R. of her, and makes up a wry face at Whitsett, who does the same to her.

CURTAIN.

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—SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.—

ACT FIRST.—Coyotes in camp, the Cottrell emigrant train, Prairie Spirit causes surprise and fear, "a thousand dollars for the solving of the mystery," attack by the Indians, Skipp in a fix, Black Eagle's vow, compact of Devine and Budgett, the prairie on fire. Home of the Cottrells, Budgett laying his plans, a little rifle practice, Budgett departs for the Coyote camp, "to-night the attack shall be made," Skipp skips in, phrenology discussed, Bridgett's dander is up, "tell me I'm lousy will ye? examination of Patrick's head, "he hangs his banner on the outer walls," engagement of Minnie and Fynes, the Prairie Spirit appears, the camp attacked, "for life and liberty."

ACT SECOND.—Prisoners, Fynes buried alive, "he will be a kind of headstone to the Cottrell settlement," Devine swears to marry Minnie, her scorn, Fynes left alone to die, Skipp safe and a skipping, thinks the buried man a ghost, rescue of Fynes, appearance of the Prairie Spirit, Skipp offers to examine her head, "well she is the first woman I ever saw who wouldn't wag her jaw—a good woman to marry," Black Eagle on the trail, a mop solo, capture of Devine, torture at the stake, the Spirit appears, on the trail, a father's grief, "light dawns," Skipp lectures on phrenology, examination of heads, Skipp recognized as a former minister, he is detained to marry Devine to Minnie, "I am an American—in detaining me you insult the American flag."

ACT THIRD.—Minnie's despair, the traitor, hope raised to be banished, foiled, the forced marriage, "when Daniel Devine comes for his intended bride he shall find a bride of death," the strange letter, hope again, trouble in the Coyote camp, a duel between Budgett and Devine, death of Budgett, Skipp tries to skip performing the marriage ceremony between Devine and Minnie, "according to the laws of phrenology you are not mated to wed together," the Prairie Spirit, divorced by death, story of the Prairie Spirit, Black Eagle revenged, "all peace now—Great Spirit smile on the *Emigrant's Daughter*."

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